LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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BE THYSELY.

Be thyself! A nobler gospel
Never in the past has been.
Be thyself; 'tis holy scripture,
Though no Bible-lids between.

Dare to shape in thought and language
That is lying in your brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

Then though coward world may scorn thee,
Friendship fail, and fortune frown,
Earth itself grow dark around thee,
Foes on thee in rage look down.

Heed not; there's a word more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself and do thy duty,—
Thou could'st ask no holier part.

—WILLIAM DENTON.

DIVORCE OR SEPARATION?

Recent public scandals in England have set some of the people thinking about increased facilities for divorce. The law in most American states is probably at variance with British law, which admits as grounds for divorce adultery on the part of a wife and adultery and cruelty on the part of a husband. The chief objections to the British divorce laws are that a divorce suit is too expensive to be within the reach of any but the rich, the grounds for divorce are too restricted, and there is an illogical stipulation that, although the adultery of either party is a reasonable ground, the adultery of both parties, instead of increasing the necessity for a divorce, renders the relief unattainable.

Poor people in England seldom or never think of divorce. There is a "pro forma pauperis" method of procedure, but it is rarely used, the poor quite accurately gauging the true worthlessness of "cheap law." In recent years it has been made possible for police magistrates to grant "judicial separations," and of these facilities full advantage has been taken. In the year 1904 no fewer than 15,500 married people were separated by police magistrates in London alone.

What does this mean? It means the people are finding out that marriage is a failure as an institution. These people have suffered. They have experienced how little marriage can help them and they ask to be made free. The immensity of the figures recently published show in lurid colors what a ghastly fraud is the alleged protection afforded by marriage.

The journalistic and clerical busybodies are beginning to tremble at the result of orthodox objection to divorce. Columns of our newspapers are being filled with jeremiads inspired by recent statistics. It is startling the conventional dovecotes to find how immensely popular these semi-divorces have become. The awful horror felt by the scribes is not brought forth by the nameless cruelties, the daily and nightly outrages and the direct and indirect robbery which have served as the reasons for magisterial interference. The journalistic indignation is reserved for the noteworthy fact that these separated couples are contented with their separations and do not yearn for remarriage. They have had some "protection" and do not want any more. The following extracts from a widely read English journal ("Referee," London) are a fair specimen of many current orthodox comments:

"The one plain question it is our duty to put to ourselves is whether the wholesale granting of judicial separations is likely to conduce to the morality of those concerned or not. Magistrates have no option in the matter. They can advise patience and self-control, they can express their opinion that there are faults on both sides and that a spirit of mutual forbearance and helpfulness may avert the breach that threatens, but if two married people are seriously bent on returning to the ways of bachelorhood and spinsterhood they can have their way. They cannot secure permission to remarry, but they can walk out of each other's lives, and, apart from some pecuniary arrangement into which the husband may or may not be forced to enter, they have no longer a concern with or a control over each other. There are many thousands of persons in this condition now, and their numbers are increasing yearly.

"The only possible answer to the plain question just posed is that, human nature being what it is, the moral tone of the community will not on the whole be raised by this condition of affairs. A married woman who is permanently separated from her husband is *not* hedged about by some of the protecting sanctities which once sheltered her. She may be, and she is often, a woman of spotless character, who has been deeply injured and whose position commands the delicate respect of all good men. But all separated women are not of this kind, nor are all men chivalrous and honorable. At the very best the woman has lost one protecting influence, however poor and ineffective it may have been, and at the worst she is unavoidably exposed to temptations which were not so great nor so frequent in the days of her bondage. And as for the average man who is separated permanently from his wife, and is by law forbidden to find another, the social hypocrisy which pretends to believe that *he* will grow into a plaster saint may be dismissed at once. The whole system tends towards a degradation of the sexual relationship, and can tend in no other direction. Judicial separation is a halfway house between household misery and divorce. It may afford relief in many cases, but the relief is never as complete as, in the case of a really deserving subject, it ought to be. It entails a lasting disability which no good man or woman ought to suffer, and in many cases—and those most probably the majority—its balance is in favor of loose living."

So long as state interference in sex relations is to be tolerated at all, it seems eminently sensible for the state to protect from a second blunder those who have already made one sad, serious error. But what an answer it is to the plea of the "Referee" and others that women lose their "protecting influence" if they separate from a scoundrel whose behavior has been sufficient to convince even a London magistrate that the marriage is a failure. The happy "victims" do not grumble—it is only our pharisees on the press and in the pulpit who see any hardship in their lot. "The plain question" is not, as put by the "Referee," the question of conducing to monogamic ideals of morality; it is not, in fact, a question of the future morals of the separated couples—it is merely a recognition of the failure of the marriage already accomplished. The magistrate is not asked to consider the future behavior of the couple—that will depend on the characters of the individuals. The reason for the separation is that freedom from a hateful marriage is admittedly preferable to the pretended "sanctity" of a cruel bondage.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

"THE JUNGLE" AND ITS CRITICS.

The largest industrial center on earth is formed by the Union stock yards and packing houses of Chicago. Other things being equal, we should expect to find here the most perfect type of capitalism, the most perfect hideousness, most widespread misery, the most highly developed exploitation.

Hence it was but fitting that the great novel of capitalism should be built around this industry. Into Packingtown came Comrade Upton Sinclair, writing as fiercely primitive as the savagery of that locality, as keenly complex as the industry upon which that savagery rests.

The real story of the book is the story of concentrated, crushing industrial exploitation. This story is hung upon a group of Lithuanians, who, in any other book, would be called the "principal characters." But in this book the real characters are social classes and industrial conditions. Jurgis is but a sort of personified Packingtown proletariat. All the hideous conditions under which profit producers in the great Chicago meat factories toil is told with a power that brings the name of Zola again and again to mind. In some ways Zola is surpassed. The social philosophy of Zola was the utopian communism of Fourier; the social philosophy of Sinclair is the international socialism of Karl Marx.

The story of human evolution is photographed for us by contrasting Packingtown with Lithuania, from which Jurgis and his family come. Torn out of a social stage centuries older than that of Chicago, this group of Lithuanian peasants, accustomed to mediæval, communal personal relations, based on status and tradition, suddenly find themselves hurled into a social stage whose only bond of cohesion is the possibility of profit, and where human beings prey upon one another as do the wild beasts in an African jungle, and where, worst of all, even their neighbors and fellow workers have lost the social feeling of caste and fellowship that bound together the peasants of far-off Lithuania.

In such an industrial society such individuals could not but be dwarfed into insignificance by the industrial life that swallowed them up.

"It seemed to them impossible of belief that anything so stupendous could have been devised by mortal man. . . . It was a thing as tremendous as the universe—the laws and ways of its working no more than the universe to be questioned or understood. All that a mere man could do, it seemed to Jurgis, was to take a thing like this as he found it, and do as he was told; to be given a place in it and a share in its wonderful activities was a blessing to be grateful for, as one was grateful for the sunshine and the rain."

Then we watch that machine at work. All its coverings are taken off and its fearful, cruel nakedness exposed. We see the helpless fight for life by the workers—the wearing out and tossing aside of the strong—the grinding up of women and children inch by inch—the terrible accidents and insidious poisoning to which the workers were exposed—the hopelessness of resistance,—until at last the whole family is run through the mill as mercilessly and thoroughly as any dumb animal that ever entered the stock yards gates. But through it all, Jurgis, as the typical proletarian, retains enough strength to enable him at last to grasp the philosophy which the whole industry has been preaching to him while it crushed him—the philosophy of socialism.

The whole point and heart of the book centers around the condition of the workers and their struggle for better conditions. Yet it is safe to say that ninety per cent of the critics have spent a majority of their space on the few pages that are devoted to the abuses in the production of meat that affect the consumer.

Nearly half of the words that have been devoted to "The Jungle" in the reviews that have come under my notice have been with reference to about three pages of the book (pp. 113-115). It is these pages which are most frequently quoted as convicting the author of exaggeration or worse. Yet he introduces these with the words "And there were other things stranger than this, according to the gossip of the men." Certainly any one who knows even a little bit about the yards knows that it is just such things as these that make up the gossip of the men.

Nothing could be more illuminative of the character of capitalism than the way in which this attack upon it has been met. "Ignore what he says about the men; deny his assertions about the meat, but investigate a little to save our stomachs, and abuse the writer," has been the programme of the defenders of exploitation.

Roosevelt had to get "strenuous" over the matter and has sent two commissions to Chicago to "investigate." So far as I am able to learn, and I was in a position to know something about what they were doing, neither found anything they did not want to find. The only strange thing is that any one takes such "investigations" seriously. Capitalism investigating itself would be a roaring farce, were it not, like everything else in capitalism, so close to the terribly tragic.

So far as the facts of "The Jungle" are concerned, I want to bear testimony here that, terrible as is the arraignment, Comrade Sinclair has still fallen far short of the truth. The time which he spent in study was too short to learn the whole truth—indeed it would have taken a lifetime. But a large portion of his facts are notorious. Many of them were published by me six years ago. Since the appearance of "The Jungle" I have taken the trouble to look into those statements made by Comrade Sinclair with which I was not familiar, and I have verified, by men who know whereof they speak, all those which have been challenged, and have learned much more that cannot be told because of the suffering which it would entail upon the workers who are forced to do the sort of work which is denied as existing.

I make this statement after careful consideration of the facts as I know them, and "The Jungle," and its critics, that the person who claims that Sinclair has exaggerated speaks either from mendacity or ignorance—is either a liar or a fool.

The Chicago "Evening Post" sent out a reporter to get opinions on its truthfulness and published several columns of interviews on the subject. Strange as it may seem, the priests, preachers, packers and philanthropists of the stock yards district all agreed that the book was "overdrawn." On the other hand, conversation directly and indirectly with the only people who know what they are talking about—the workers in the yards—has failed to find a man who does not agree that it is a truthful picture.

To take some of the incidents that have been specifically challenged: I knew the family whose child was drowned in the gutter; I have helped to treat dozens of cases of infection and blood-poisoning of yards workers; I have known men and their families who have fallen into the rendering vats; I have talked with employes who had helped in the dodging of inspection and the marketing of rotten meat; as agent of the stock yards district of the bureau of charities, and a volunteer inspector of the Chicago health department, I have seen things in the lives of the workers in Packingtown more terrible than any depicted in "The Jungle." Best of all, as a socialist, I have seen the growth of socialism in that locality until today it contains the highest percentage of socialist voters of any large industrial center in the world. I give this personal testimony because of the attacks which have been made upon "The Jungle" by ignorant or corrupt book reviewers and by others who are interested in the maintenance of conditions as they are in Packingtown.—*A. M. Simons, in International Socialist Review.*

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND SEX EDUCATION.

The following report of a recent session of the American Medical Association held in Boston is sent to LUCIFER by May Clifford Hurd, of Wellesley, Mass. Commenting on it she says: "Very good, but most people wait till they are 'patients' to learn why they became ill. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of remedy. Why not allow Moses and Lillian Harman to give some prevention in the shape of knowledge?"

In a symposium on the duty of the profession toward womankind, Dr. E. E. Murger, of Iowa, advocated the establishment of a bureau of publicity in order to teach people how to lead happier and longer lives. He said that in his opinion the medical profession has not done its whole duty until it has educated the whole mass of people so that they can detect fraudulent medical advertisements and protect themselves from quacks. Dr. H. O. Marcy, of Boston, said that at present there is too much pretense and fashion in society and that the people should return to the simpler life of their forefathers. Deferred marriages received a rap from Dr. J. Henry Carstens, of Detroit, who accused the women of not being willing to marry a man unless he was making a good deal of money, and that the fair sex also put on too much style. Nearly all the speakers were optimists.

In a paper on the "Protection of the Innocent" Dr. W. Lee Howard, of Westboro, urged a wider dissemination of medical knowledge for the benefit of the general public, and this view was seconded by a number of other speakers. All emphasized the fact that ignorance is not innocence, and that the plainer medical truths are expressed the better. Doctors who see that their patients need to

DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
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have such truths explained to them, but who shirk the responsibility, are moral cowards. Dr. Howard said too much was left to the minister which should properly come in the province of the physician, and that the latter should do his duty by instructing all who needed a fuller knowledge of medical truths. The keynote of the address was that a knowledge of all the functions of the body is necessary to the proper development and right living of both men and women, and that such information rightly imparted is much better than the lessons learned in the costly school of experience.

The morning session was devoted to a discussion of means by which the public may be reached, as it is the opinion of the doctors that all the papers read would be of great interest and benefit to the general public and should not be relegated to the medical libraries.

SELF-RELIANCE.

[At my latest visit to my father—on June 17—he gave me a copy of Emerson's Essays with passages marked, which he desired to reproduce in LUCIFER. Here are some of them.—L. H.]

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope. Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint stock company in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . .

No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong is what is against it.

A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he.

I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. . . . I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. . . .

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack thread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderatood.

THE REAL WASNINGTON.

The blistering indictment which the Philadelphia clergyman brought against the memory of George Washington at the Evacuation Day exercises, held at Valley Forge, seems not to have scored a success, as the critics of theatrical performances say. The Philadelphia rector announced nothing particularly novel with regard to the life and character of Washington. He said among other things:

"The true Washington was not a churchman. In examining three volumes on his life by Marshall, Lodge and Ford you will not find religion mentioned in his life. Instead, you will find that he was passionately fond of cards, clubs, clothes, dancing, lottery, theaters, gambling, billiards, dogs, dueling, distilleries, fishing, fox hunting, horses, beautiful women, music, matrimony, raffles and tobacco."

We might even add to this that Washington is commonly reported to have sworn mighty oaths on one or two memorable occasions, and the consequence of this profane report has been increased regard and esteem rather than the contrary. The more that the Rev. Mr. Steele and others like him can do to show that the immortal George was a very human sort of man the more profound will be the respect for the lofty eminence that he attained despite his disadvantages.

The Rev. Mr. Steele had many things against Washington. He was not even confirmed in the church. He was poorly educated. He held slaves. He never won a battle. He was one of the least of the ruling spirits in the country in his time. He inherited and married into his fortune, and so on. The speaker said that he was unable to analyze the elements of Washington's character and find in what his greatness consisted, but he concluded with a characteristic clerical non sequitur: "Nevertheless, he was a great man."—*New York Sun.*

FLESH-EATING.

In his famous letter to the London "Times," on the land question in Russia, Tolstoi spoke of several ideas as ripe for discussion and action. He spoke of private property in land as the "nearest and most obvious evil." He held that, besides facing this evil, our civilization must also face the problems of capital punishment, prostitution and militarism. And to this category of ripe problems he added the practice of flesh-eating.

The packing-house exposure is the most effective argument ever made for a vegetarian diet. It will be hard for imaginative people to forget those dead rats and amputated fingers. They will reflect that there is already an army of government meat inspectors. If, with all these inspectors, it took a socialist novel to acquaint the public with conditions, how secure will these imaginative people feel when the government has a few more inspectors?

We used to go to the priests for salvation. Now we go to the state. We fly to the arms of the government inspector. Just as if he had not already been tried and found wanting. "Oh," said a lady, "the government is going to put a label on the meat. It will be all right now." Great is government! With a government label on the sausage, and a rabbit's foot around the neck, may luck be with us! At any rate, we may try eating as Governor Pingree used to vote, holding the nose.

Socialists have capitalized this incident. They have a right to —it was a socialist who started it. So they say, "Let us establish government packing houses." And the one recourse which seems to occur to every one—an increase of the inspectors—is socialistic in its tendency.

There is this difference between socialistic people and socialists: The socialists want the government to stick our pigs for us. The socialistic people want the government to tell the packers how to do it.

But the church as well as the state is under indictment. Has not the church been telling us that the individual problem is everything; that if the individual soul is saved, society will save itself? Are not the packers church members? Is not their gold lifted to God every Sabbath day? Do not their pastors encourage them in the idea that their souls are already saved? Has the church lost its effectiveness, or is its philosophy wrong? But while we are waiting for the church to convert the packers, or for socialism to convert the packing business, why not turn vegetarians?

There are weary arguments for and against this course. But "don't argue—try it." This is the time to make the experiment. Perhaps meat-eating is not at all a necessity, as is thought, but only a habit.

We are not responsible for the tooth and claw struggle of the universe. That is the saddest of mysteries. But we remember the words of the prophet: "They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain." Those words were born in man's soul. Is it not his destiny to give them reality?—*Herbert S. Bigelow, in The Public.*

Charles the Fifth, they say, repented of having persecuted the Lutherans. He said to himself, I have thirty watches on my table, and no two of them mark precisely the same time: how could I then imagine that in matters of religion I could make all men think alike? What folly and pride.—*Helvetius.*

The truth, the hope of any time must always be sought in the minorities. . . . Literary history, and all history, is a record of the power of minorities. . . . In politics, mark the importance of minorities of one, as of Cato, Lafayette, Arago.—*R. W. Emerson, in "Letters and Social Aims," p. 161.*

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

THE ISSUE CONCISELY STATED.

"Tell truth and shame the devil."—*Shakespeare.*

A noted political leader when asked by his friends what they should say to those who assailed his private personal record, replied briefly and tersely, "Tell the truth!"

A hundred years ago Robert Burns, poet, philosopher and hater of shams, wrote:

"Here's Freedom for him that wad read,
Here's Freedom for him that wad write;
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
Save they wham the truth wad indict."

These memorable lines, these world-renowned aphorisms, most clearly and concisely outline the issue upon which hangs the verdict and sentence in the case to be tried at Topeka next week in which the Kansas LIGHT-BEARER is defendant and the (alleged) people of the United States of America are plaintiffs.

LUCIFER is contending for the right to tell the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," in regard to the evils (devils) that haunt the basement stories of our social edifice. LUCIFER would tell the truth and shame these devils; it would turn upon them the calcium light of investigation, so that, being seen in all their native hideousness, they may be shunned by the unwary, and so that the abodes where these devils now dwell and where they hold their ghoulish orgies may be cleansed, purified, sanctified and consecrated to the use of the "angels of light"—*i. e.*, the normal, the uplifting impulses of uncorrupted human nature.

If this be the object of LUCIFER'S contention—if LUCIFER is really what its name indicates, a *light-bringer*, what must be the position, the attitude, the object of those who are now ranged in battle array against it? What must be the aim of the prosecutors who would extinguish LUCIFER'S light? The answer, it would seem, is self-evident. The prosecutors of LUCIFER *do not want* the lurking devils to be exposed! In plainer words, LUCIFER'S enemies do not want the social evils, the sexual perversions, to be uncovered and shown to be what they are—physical and moral cancers eating away at the vitals of humanity.

Is this latter position untenable? Is it inconceivable that any man or woman of average intelligence could really wish the continuance, the perpetuity of these universally acknowledged evils?

Sad and discouraging as such admission must be to the lover of his race, the conviction has long since forced itself upon the writer of these lines—who, by the way, is by no means a pessimist—that *there is* a class of men, a very influential class of men, whose interest it is to have these evils perpetuated. Helen H. Gardener, in her late article in the "Arena," speaks of a class of people "who are benefited by the unintelligent increase of an ignorant population." And why or how should any one be benefited by such increase? The answer most evidently is that the increase of an ignorant population gives to the ease-loving and the power-loving class of men greater facilities and more opportunities for the exercise or gratification of their own selfish propensities.

And for a precisely similar reason the power-loving class are interested in keeping intact the vicious practices and the revolting sexual crimes that have been laid bare by LUCIFER'S correspondents. This power-loving class may be personally pure themselves; they may never be guilty of participating themselves in those vices and crimes; but they know that it is through and by *sex* that the human race is reproduced, and they know, too, that whatever vitiates and debases sex vitiates and debases the product of sex—*i. e.*, the oncoming generations of men and women. This power-loving class know that if all children were born with strong, self-reliant, intelligent natures there would soon be no need or occasion for a governing class, or at least that there would be so many, comparatively, that would be capable of governing themselves, and so few that would need governing by others, that their own chances of retaining power over their fellow men would be greatly diminished. A captain of police in New York City, in speaking of his own vocation, is reported to have said: "About so many arrests must be made anyway." But if there were no ignorant and vicious subjects of arrest and punishment the taxpayers would soon tell the captain of police, the police judges, the sheriffs, the legislators, etc., that their services were no longer needed.

All unconsciously, it may be, to themselves, even, but that these considerations largely influence the men who are now seeking the destruction of the LIGHT-BEARER, there is good reason to believe. But these are not the only considerations and causes that are now at work. Among these causes may be named the old theologic superstitions in regard to sex, and the fear that if too much light is thrown upon the workings of our ecclesiastico-civil laws and customs regulating the relations of the sexes the integrity of these laws and customs themselves would be endangered or destroyed, and thus the whole time-honored fabric come tumbling about our heads.

To sum up in fewer words the issue to be tried at Topeka next week, it is the issue between Truth and Light on the one hand and Deception and Darkness on the other. LUCIFER'S work is to uncover and expose vice and crime, in order that they may be avoided and that their perpetrators may be held to account. The work of the prosecution is to *prevent* such exposure by imprisoning the man who has had the hardihood to publish to the world the unvarnished facts. All talk about "obscenity" is mere subterfuge. Language, words and phrases, whether spoken or printed, has of itself no character at all, good or bad; its character depends upon the use to which it is put. If the use of words in the exposure of evil, for the purpose of curing that evil, be not a legitimate use of words, then it would certainly be hard to find a legitimate use.—*Moses Harman, in* LUCIFER, *April 11, 1890.*

MANNERISMS THAT KILL.

Even a thought of sex life has been considered immodest and unwomanly. Ignorance has been mistaken for innocence and all knowledge of the creative function has been withheld, while a woman's life has been a demonstration of the *think not* and *do not* philosophy; books of etiquette are ful of mannerisms that kill. Do not run, do not laugh, do not talk aloud, do not bow or speak first to a gentleman, and of all things do not whistle. These are born of the idea of repressing natural energies and blighting natural tendencies, of a mistaken idea of virtue. The nun's vow and the maiden's sexless virtue alike are morbid conditions; they are the outgrowth of the race condemnation of the sex life. In ignorance suppressed passion has been considered woman's virtue; she must be cold as snow and chaste as ice.—*Dr. Alice B. Stockham.*

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 75 years 8 months and 24 days old. He has served 129 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

FROM JOLIET TO FORT LEAVENWORTH.

On Friday, June 29, I received a telegram dated Santa Fe station, Joliet, June 28:

"I am on my way to Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth. Fairly well. MOSES HARMAN."

The change will probably be one for the better. Father desired it, and his son requested it through the congressmen from Kansas. The Joliet prison is said to be full of tuberculosis, and other conditions were unfavorable to the welfare of the prisoner. He will, as always, be glad to receive letter from his friends. Address Moses Harman, Federal Prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

L. H.

APPLICATION FOR PARDON DENIED.

The following letter was received by my father, and given to me on my last visit to him:

"In re application for executive clemency of Moses Harman.

"DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, June 12, 1906.

"*Moses Harman, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill.—Sir:*

"Acting under instructions from the president, the attorney general has examined the papers in the above-entitled case, and directs me to advise you that the application for executive clemency is so reported by the several officials to whom it has been referred as not to entitle it, under the rules governing pardon cases, to be submitted for the president's consideration.

"This disposes of the case and the papers have been placed on the files of the department.

"Yours respectfully, PEYTON GORDON, Pardon Attorney."

Father said that, so far as he is personally concerned, he is not at all sorry that the application was denied. Of course, he wants his freedom, but not at the price of that which might be construed as a tacit acknowledgment of wrong-doing and an implied bond on his right of judgment in the future. Indeed, the Free Speech League was told that he could not be released, as he would simply go out and repeat the offense. And though he really believed that his life was in peril while in Joliet, he would not ask for a pardon.

He appreciates the efforts made by his friends, and believes much good has been accomplished through the awakening of thought on the subject of freedom of the press. Many who had never given the matter a thought were led to investigate when the petition was presented to them for signature. This is the only good result I personally ever anticipated from the petition. I believe that the real desire of the persons responsible for the prosecution is the suppression of LUCIFER, and have no doubt that its editor would be released if he would promise to discontinue its publication. I do not think that any one would blame him if he should make such a promise, for he has certainly done his share of work of all kinds. Nevertheless, I am very proud of his steadfastness of purpose and his courage.

L. H.

LETTER FROM J. WARNER MILLS.

DENVER, COLO., June 26, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Harman:

There can seldom be a good excuse for neglecting to write a friend in trouble, and especially when such friend is shut up in prison, and I shall not attempt to give any excuse for my apparent indifference and delay in writing you. Suffice it to say that I have thought of you often since you were sentenced to the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill.

Your incarceration is of the same type as that of the men imprisoned for the supposed crime of blasphemy, or for their religious opinions. You suffer as a martyr for a free press, and the prison stripes cannot forfeit the confidence and esteem in which you are held by the men and women who know your loyalty to progress and truth. We may not agree with all the opinions you express, but we do agree, nevertheless, that you ought to be free to express your honest opinions. We know that you are in earnest and have something to say, and that you will say it, not to the end of poisoning, but of helping your fellow men.

I am glad to see that the "Woman's Journal," and Mr. Post's "Public," and "To-Morrow," and the Free Speech League, and many other powerful agencies and many distinguished persons are taking proper note of your martyrdom and imprisonment and are working for your release. I shall deem it a privilege to join with this earnest band of loyal workers and with my relative and friend, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, in securing your early freedom.

In my opinion the lines you wrote on your way to the penitentiary were simply sublime. No man with a criminal taint about him, and especially no man who was not aflame with a passion to improve or save the human race, could have written so calmly and sanely of his hopes and aspirations, and so forgivingly of his persecutors as you then wrote when speeding on the cars to take your place in prison. Your words had the true ring of the persecuted Nazarene and brought vividly to mind the sublime exclamation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That is the metal of which martyrs are made, and no man of such metal can suffer alone or suffer in vain. I trust that the same exalted spirit and fortitude you have made so innocently conspicuous on this and other occasions will continue with you to the end.

I recall a conversation I once had with you in reference to your previous imprisonment, when I pointed out that you had never been harmed, even under the Comstock law, by reason of anything you had ever written yourself; that your own writing was of an order too high to expose you to any of the cunning traps set by your enemies. Your first troubles came, as I recall, and the trouble now upon you also came, not from your own pen, but from the pen of a correspondent. You published what your correspondent wrote, even though you may have differed from him in opinion, and you stood as champion for a free press, even though your correspondent, as I believe in one case was true, was writing in criticism of your own

views. When will the world ever learn that under such circumstances in applying the bars to you the fetters can only reach your flesh, while your ideas go battling on, with many new recruits to give them aid! At the bottom of all reform, in my judgment, lies the great subject of eugenics, in which you are pioneer, and for which as well as for a free press you are now made martyr. We may differ from your views, as I have remarked above, but we can neither agree nor differ without you are free and in proper form to express your views. Out of agreements and disagreements will the truth emerge. Your special theme of stirpiculture, or eugenics, can never fail to advance as long as President Roosevelt talks of race suicide and Burbank shows what improvement can be made in plants and trees, and the agricultural department at Washington tells us how to breed better horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Judge Lindsey, of our city, has justly obtained high reputation by showing us how to save our neglected or wayward girls and boys, and he is now alive to the question of eugenics and economics as related to juvenile crime and delinquencies, and he and many other publicists frequently discourse in public upon the important subject of marriage and divorce. And so the battle goes on, though for a time you yourself are off on a furlough. In the meantime, however, I hope that all will be serene with you as you reflect that your friends and comrades, even though they do not write, do not forget that you are now made a martyr to suffer for the common cause—not merely for the cause of a more exalted manhood and womanhood, but apart from that, or in addition to that, you suffer for the cause of free speech, and for freedom of the press.

If you have read my "Arena" articles you may be interested in our recent franchise fight in Denver, which is now being fought out in the courts. In a recent letter to Mr. Flower, which contains nothing private, yet is not intended for publication, I have stated with considerable detail the result of our election of May 15 last, and I inclose you a carbon copy of same for your perusal.

As a close student of sociology you will be interested in knowing that the great battle of democracy against privilege is still going on all over the nation. It is represented in part by this local fight over the franchises. It is also represented by President Roosevelt's railroad rate fixing campaign, also by the insurance, meat and other trust exposures, and it is especially represented by the tremendous political tide that is now setting in to sweep Mr. Bryan into the presidential chair, ostensibly, if not avowedly, to save the nation from socialism. Who can read without erring the next page of our nation's history?

Of course I do not expect a personal reply, but shall be interested in hearing from you through LUCIFER or otherwise whenever you are able to speak a word to the outside world. Yours sincerely,

J. WARNER MILLS.

LETTERS TO MOSES HARMAN.

J. HARMAN, Jacksboro, Texas.—*My Dear Brother Moses:* How I do wish I could see you. I often think of you. I remember that you made up a club of twenty subscribers to the water-cure journal in Crawford county, Missouri, more than fifty years ago and charged nothing for your work, and all along your life I remember many other deeds of kindness and generosity for the uplifting of humanity. I do wish they would give you what you want to eat and not work you too hard. Surely that is not asking too much.

ED W. CHAMBERLAIN, New York.—It is a long lane that has no turning! The May "Cosmopolitan Magazine" (I think it is) has a fine article by Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, of California, the whole point of which is that what he has done in the realm of plant life can be done in the realm of human life for the improvement of the race. And again the statement is going the rounds of the newspapers that Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Hays has developed sagacity enough to see that the principle which his department is applying to animal breeding may be applied to human breeding as well. Whether the human race will ever become so developed that it will refrain from crucifying its Christs and burning its Brunos, is still an open question.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER, Norwood Park, Ill.—I was glad to see in last LUCIFER that you had received two letters of mine. I had shortly previous mailed the third. I presume your friends mostly find the hours and days none too long for what they wish to accomplish. Surely I do not, and can't reach the goal desired. Yesterday I was at a social meeting of Bahais. I'm in sympathy with the movement, because the great purpose and teaching is the unity of common humanity and of religions. There's no creed, no dogmatism. Monday, the 4th, I went to Lincoln Center, Jenkin Lloyd Jones' church, to meeting of Congress of Religions. Dr. Thomas presided and made the opening address. He came from Florida the week previous. He finds the racket of Chicago very wearisome. On Tuesday the Douglas Park Woman's Club gave me a benefit. It was in the house of a friend; an enjoyable musical program and very pleasant occasion. It will ever be an inspiring remembrance. It has added a nice little addition to my purse, so I'll have no need for a while to be anxious about wherewithal. We are both in health and thankful. Harriet says, "Lucinda does the writing, and them's my sentiments"; sends love. We hope you are enduring fairly well the situation every way. All freedom has been achieved by the martyrdom of great souls.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, Antioch, Cal.—When I wrote last I thought I should write again before this; I was then at Gibbs. Everything I planned there proved a failure, so I came here to my son's. I have no further plans now. At 80 one has not the energy they have at 50, and when the hour comes I shall not be sorry to go. Abner is in his 83d year, and just before his 82d birthday he walked five miles. I walked one and one-half miles last November, and nearly all the way up-hill, but I was about tired out; could not have gone one-quarter mile farther. We still hear from different points of the ruin wrought by the earthquake. Up in Humboldt county a cemetery was shaken till the marble slabs fell and were broken and the ground around looked as if plowed. Another place, I have forgotten where, but up the coast, a small mountain was split in two and half of it fell over. News comes from Manila, in the Philippines, that a small mountain there had sunk and a lake had taken its place. The earth seems to be in convulsions. Today is Memorial Day and hundreds of dollars' worth of flowers have been strewn over where the dust of the departed lie. When I leave this body I hope it will be cremated. My son got 300 Calla lilies over on the island, which he sold for a cent apiece, and could have sold as many more if he had had them. As I said, I have no plans ahead, but I am writing this without glasses. Hope to live to see you again.

LYDIA R. TODD, San Francisco, Cal.—*Dear Comrade Harman:* Congratulations! How I envy you—serving time for your noble work of the emancipation of woman. Go on, dear, grand, noble brother. *Now* you are doing more for the cause of freedom than by editing forty LUCIFERS. Try to keep these facts in mind, keep up a good heart, just think of the many friends that are sending out good, pure, loving thoughts of you, think of the good you are doing, and it will give you strength. When you are through with the good, grand work, and your year is up, come out to San Francisco. I have a lovely room for you. It is large, sunny and cozy. You may have a fire if you wish, as there is a stove. I will cook good food for you and you may just do nothing all day long, only please yourself. Oh, we may once in a while give you a little shake, but you will soon get used to that. . . . Now, you see I am not one bit sorry for you. I think the petition an insult. I would not have you come out on it for many dollars. I would not sign my name to the nasty thing. Pardon, indeed! for what? . . . Our poor freethought society is no more, since the quake, but I suppose it will grow up again. We surely did have a few good old meetings. R. B. Kerr had the platform for many Sundays. He is a good speaker. Whenever the sex question was discussed the hall would be crowded. Many people are awaking to the beauty and purity of our school of thought. Dear friend, my heart goes out to you tonight in a great throb of love and pride. I am proud of you. You are our leader; or, if you don't like the word leader, say teacher instead. Many women think of you with pride now, but in the years to come thousands will rise up and call you blessed.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR., New York.—Well, the months are going by, and I am glad to hear better news of your health than those which alarmed us at first. I hope you will hold out all right during the remainder of your confinement, whether we succeed in having it abridged or not. Your friends here and in other parts of the country have been anything but inactive in letting the truth be known, and awakening interest in the principles at stake, as you will learn more fully when you are free again. We expect years of good work for human progress from you yet; and meanwhile those of us at large are trying to do our share toward making the world a little more rational and a little better home for the generations to come. I sent you my pamphlet, "The Curse of Race Prejudice," a

few weeks ago. As there is nothing contraband in it, I trust it was duly delivered to you. If so, would you mind mentioning its arrival when next you write Lillian? Just a line to say you received it will be sufficient, as there is nothing in it for which your censors could possibly hold it up; so that, if you did not get it, I should be glad to send you another copy. I am having quite a sale for it already. Several of the negro leaders, in particular, are pushing it very vigorously, and some of them have characterized it as the best appeal on behalf of a common humanity that has been put in print. I am settled in New York for the next three or four years, but I shall never love this city so well as the West. If you could ever make up your mind to quit Chicago, you would find Tacoma or Seattle far more fit a home for a nature-loving human being, as well as more conducive to health and comfort, and with more tendency toward broad thinking. Suppose you and I go out to the Puget Sound country together and show them what such a pair of young fellows can do in the way of stimulating thought. Even Chicago, however, has more real life than New York. We have many good people here, but somehow there is not the whole-heartedness which I found in Chicago. The mad craze for the dollar dwarfs manhood and womanhood completely in this metropolis. I wonder if the atrocious climate here has anything to do with the demoralizing tendency in New York society. I shall be glad to escape to the New Hampshire hills for a few days this summer, and only wish I could squeeze out a longer vacation. Your friends are growing in number every day, and you will meet with a most hearty welcome when you step out into the sunshine again. Be of good cheer, dear friend, and look forward with courage. We are all with you, now more than ever.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

J. Warner Mills, Denver Colo.—*Miss Lillian Harman:* Writing you some days ago upon the troubles of a friend reminds me, if I need any reminder, that as yet I have not written either you or your father concerning his own recent troubles. I wish you would send him the letter herewith, including also the carbon copy of my letter to Mr. Flower.

You have had some experience with the censor, and if you think my words to your father may not pass muster, please return my letter with suggestions, and I will revise it, as I want it to reach your father's hands. I have already signed a petition for your father's pardon, and shall interest myself still further in trying to induce President Roosevelt to grant this act of justice to a reformer so venerable, honorable and earnest. I suppose money at present is personally of no avail to your father, and it is useless to send it to him. But giving to his cause is giving to him. His work must not stop merely because he is made a martyr to the freedom of the press and is put behind prison bars. We who are still free should turn our freedom into service and help Moses Harman feel at his best, by feeling that he is not forgotten and that his cause goes marching on. Use my inclosed check in any way to promote free speech and free press, and to the worthy end of replacing ignorance with knowledge, and also in promoting social justice through a nobler manhood and womanhood wrought by a thoughtful improvement of the race.

J. W. Griggs, St. Paul, Minn.—It makes me boil to know these outrages. I trust your father's strength may be equal to the tax laid on it and that he may come forth in time to speak and write more forcefully than ever, and because of his experience be heard more willingly by many, and thus the work go on. I will try and write to him. The paper is excellent each issue. You are doing well. Hope money comes in to keep all going, so as not to have that to worry you. I am sure that this last imprisonment is doing much to call attention to this subject.

Paul Robin, 5 Passage du Surmelin, Paris, XX, France.—I beg to send to my venerable brother, Moses Harman, my most sympathetic feelings and my most sincere wishes to see the end of his atrocious torture. I do not lose an occasion to speak and write about the American tyranny, worse than ours in this case. But I cannot do much outside our own papers. Others are cowardly or indifferent, even the pretended advanced. Inclosed is $1. I should be glad to receive, for myself, the portraits of Harman alone and with his grandson—for exhibition in the public room of "Régénération." I send herewith the translation of a paper printed in the June number of "Régénération" and in the "Novy Kult," of Prag (the best I could). With my best wishes to all your family and my warmest feelings for the noble chief.

T. Sakai, Tokyo, Japan.—I greatly sympathize with Mr. Moses Harman. I have inserted his portrait in my "Home Magazine," which I send you with this card. I sent a card to him also. With wishes for his good health, from the Far East. Yours fraternally.

[The magazine is received and we are very sorry we are unable to read its sixty-eight pages, which are printed in Japanese characters. The portrait of our editor is reproduced from Lucifer. We hope our Eastern friend will favor us with a translation of the article accompanying the portrait.]

Reinhold Starcke, Beaver Falls, Pa.—Inclosed is $1 to push my number on Lucifer ahead some again. It almost makes me raging angry every time I think about your father's persecution; I can't look at it calmly. With kindest regards to yourself and family, and if you get the opportunity and happen to think of it at the time remember me to your father. I would like him to think of me at times, as his influence in my life has been a good one only, and I invite his influence always, should he pass from the physical before I do (which, of course, is probable, considering our ages). No personal reply is expected, as you have your hands too full. I hope the children have recovered. Don't forget to put up orange or red tissue paper on windows, and orange or red shades on the lights, during the trouble, and protect eyes from exposure to bright or white light at convalescence.

George Bedborough, London, Eng.—By this post I am writing to Moses Harman. I inclose a postal order for $2.50—the best I can do at present. I will write more fully by next mail. Lucifer comes regularly now—many thanks. Do keep Lucifer going—it would be terrible if it fell now. It makes my blood run faster to think of your father's brave stand in the face of his and our enemies. He has indeed a dauntless spirit. . . . Your quotation (in No. 1062) from "The Public" is most informing. You did well to reprint it in a single number of Lucifer, although it was so long. I am amazed at the outrage of vaccination perpetrated on your father, who has survived so much and proved in his own person how needless this filthy practice is. But his spirit is fine. His absence of hate for his persecutors, that, too, is sublime. In a sense I envy you all—you understand, don't you!

PLAYS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

After you have taken one course in Shaw you are liable to want to take another. For that reason the publishers go on repeating Shaw editions. If you like Shaw, if you think him a beneficent influence, you will bless the phenomenon. If you don't like him, if you think him distinctly a malign influence, you will curse the luck. Some people think Shaw looks up. Some people think he looks down. Strong men always make strong friends and strong enemies. Comrades who think them all to the good. Haters who think them all to the bad. Shaw is a tonic for the people who are afraid of their shadows. There are optimists who contend that they have no shadows. Shaw is of no use to them. But to the average man he has a story to tell which, whether he knows it or not, the average man had best stop and hear. You do not need to swear by Shaw because you refuse to swear at him. He is a fresh strong wind. He will blow over all your mere shows of virtue. But nothing with honest root will go down in the tempest. Shaw is not dangerous to wisdom. He is merciless to folly. Humbuggery trembles for its life in his presence. There are some things that Shaw does not understand and does not take account of in his plays. But he is not a menace to the thing he does not understand. The best truth can smile down the best alien wit. I would hate to fool round Shaw with half-beliefs or with fraud sentiments. He sniffs them in the air. He is like a man with an extra sense. He feels the unfeelable. He lays low for the unseen. And when the invisible bad pushes out its visible head Shaw is all ready to soak it one. He belongs to critic ages. He comes to treat a special occasion. He is not tonic for all the future. He is jubilant good health for today. If I take a walk with one of his plays I wonder what it is that sets me up so. Is it

the fresh air of the fields or the fresh air of the play? I don't know. I guess they mix. And I guess they both mean and do me well. Shaw does not lift me. He does good enough and more than good enough on the level. I welcome him each time as if it was his first visit. I am glad to see him no matter how often he comes or what hour he chooses for his call.—*The Conservator.*

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Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN.

This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

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